

On World Vitiligo Day
I have something to say

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In God's good world, no jokes
There are simply all kinds of folks
Some are fair, some are brown
Some are poor, some wear a crown
But a few, in a hundred just two
Have on their skin
May be the chin
Or on their shin
A patch of white
Like a dappled light
Light! Did you say Light!
The patch looks lovely bright

But for many
This patch of light
Is not a good sight
Mother's freeze!
Father's trapeze!!
What sin's we did
To deserve such a kid

The first reaction
Is to hide and cover
Let not anyone discover!
Don't show your charms
Cover your arms
Wear long sleeves
In the sultry heat

Difficulties count
Anxieties mount
All specialists fail
Tall claims derail!
Then everyone is set
On the Internet
Where Quacks loot
They need the boot!

Soon the white patch
Grows and spreads
The sun makes it

A little red
But touch it, tickle it,
Lick it, twitch it,
It feels like any other
Patch of skin
A little faded perhaps
Otherwise all akin.

The story begins now
For we must question how
A white patch on the face
A bit of skin on the surface
Can become so sore
And affect the core!
How can it traumatize?
How can it paralyze?

HIV and AIDS
Let us face
Are threatening
To wipe out
The human race
But how can Vitiligo
Harmless, not even skin deep
Can cause a trauma so deep?

It's time we spoke the truth
And nailed the lie.
Vitiligo is not a disease
It is just a state where
The body's share
Of Melanin
Color pigment
Grows a little thin.
That's ALL.

People with Vitiligo
And God has been kind
Have a very healthy body
And an equally healthy mind
So move AHEAD
Learn More, Care More
Share Skills, Change Lives

We've split the atom
But not our prejudice

It's time to celebrate
Our differences
Celebrate the confluence
Of Ying and Yang
Of Dark and White
The splendid hues of
Differences and dignity

Nature hates monocultures
Both of the body and the mind
You will find this strewn on leaves
Most leaves are dark, others pale
But a few leaves are both dark and pale
These leaves are often overrated
Scientists call them variegated.

So if you ever meet
A child with a white patch
She might be sulking
Miserable, in a catch
Make her feel great
Touch her soul
Lift her self-esteem
So that she feels liberated
And her spirits
Can soar.

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